SCENE IV.[8]

Rouen, A Room in the Palace.

Enter KATHARINE *and* ALICE.

KATH. Alice, tu as esté en Angleterre, et tu parles Men le language.

[8] Scene IV.] I have left this ridiculous scene as I found it: and am sorry to have no colour left from any of the editions, to imagine it interpolated. WARBURTON.

Sir T. Hanmer has rejected it. The scene is indeed mean enough, when it is read: but the grimaces of two French women, and the odd accent with which they uttered the English, made it divert upon the stage. It may be observed, that there is in it not only the French language, but the French spirit. Alice compliments the princess upon her knowledge of four words, and tells her that she pronounces like the English themselves. The princess suspects no deficiency in her instructress, nor the instructress in herself. Throughout the whole scene there may be found French servility, and French vanity.

I cannot forbear to transcribe the first sentence of this dialogue from the edition of 1608, that the reader, who has not looked into the old copies, may judge of the strange negligence with which they are printed.

"*Kate.* Alice Venecia, vous aves cates en, vou parte fort bon Anglois englatara, coman sae palla vou la main en francoy."

JOHNSON.

We may observe, in general, that the early editions have not half the quantity: and every sentence, or rather every word, most ridiculously blundered. These, for several reasons, could not possibly be published by the author: and it is extremely probable that the French ribaldry was at first inserted by a different hand, as the many editions most certainly were after he had left the stage. Indeed, every friend to his memory will not easily believe, that he was acquainted with the scene between *Katharine* and the *old Gentlewoman:* or surely he would not have admitted such obscenity and nonsense. FARMER.

It is very certain that authors, in the time of Shakspeare, did not correct the press for themselves. I hardly ever saw, in one

of the old plays, a sentence of either *Latin*, *Italian*, or *French*, without the most ridiculous blunders. In The History of Clyomon, Knight of the Golden Shield, 1599, a tragedy which I have often quoted, a warrior asks a lady, disguised like a page[9]